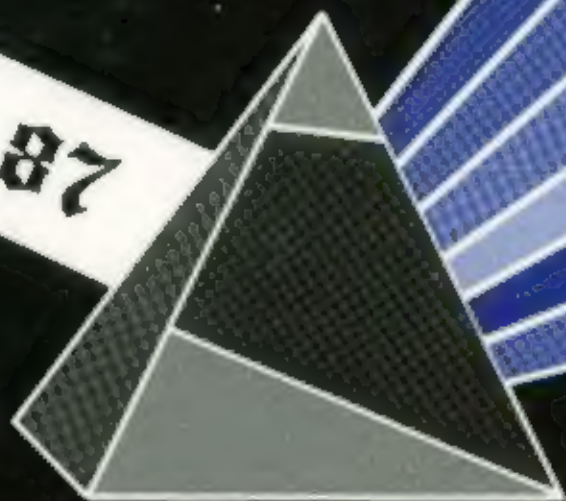


1986-87



III

A

II

D

E

N

Julie Hanna
Shana

Barbara Wilson

Julie

Shana Sims



✓
Lohrert

[Handwritten signature]

Wm. K. Barron
Moshel Limited

Rich. Fletcher

Shawn Fry
Michelle Fry

Drew Vaughan

David Butler

ZEPPELIN

Andy Howard
Kerry Johnson

Jim Zachary

Jason
Suzanne

Amey
Hicks

Heather
Caulton
Beth Bickart

Lisa Wright
Zachary Reynolds
Vaughan
Hull

Black

Wm. H. Black

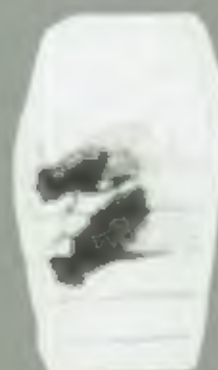
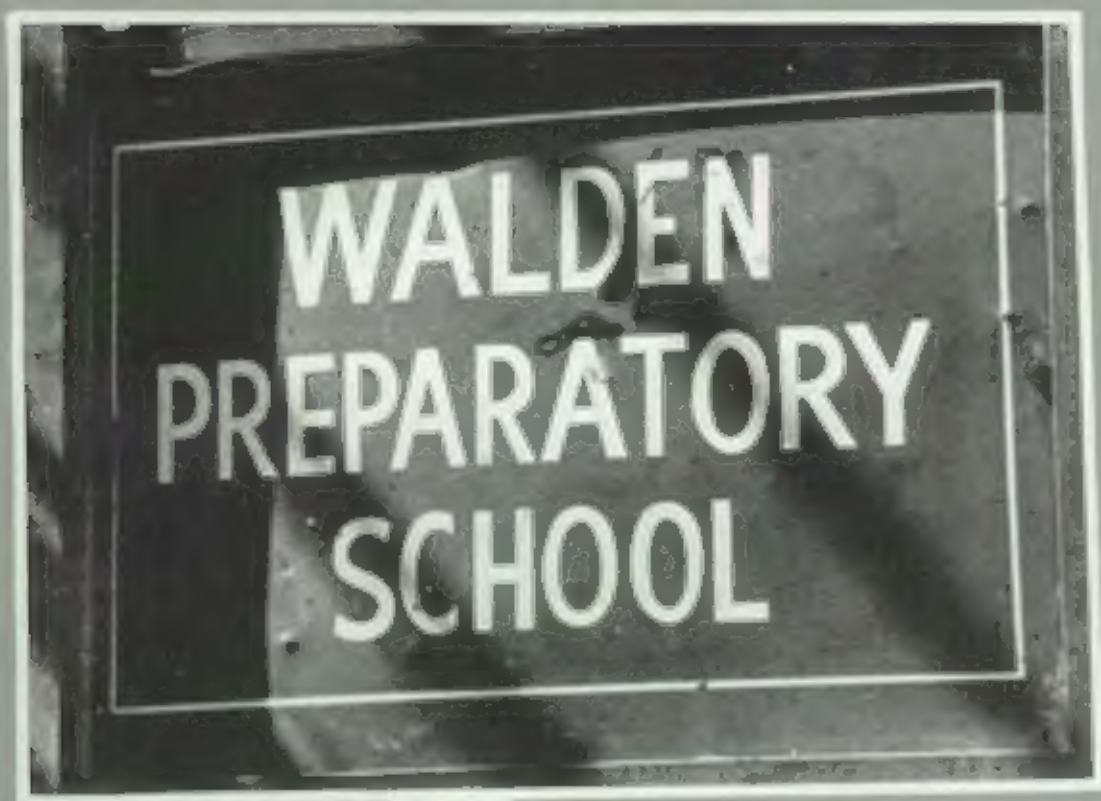


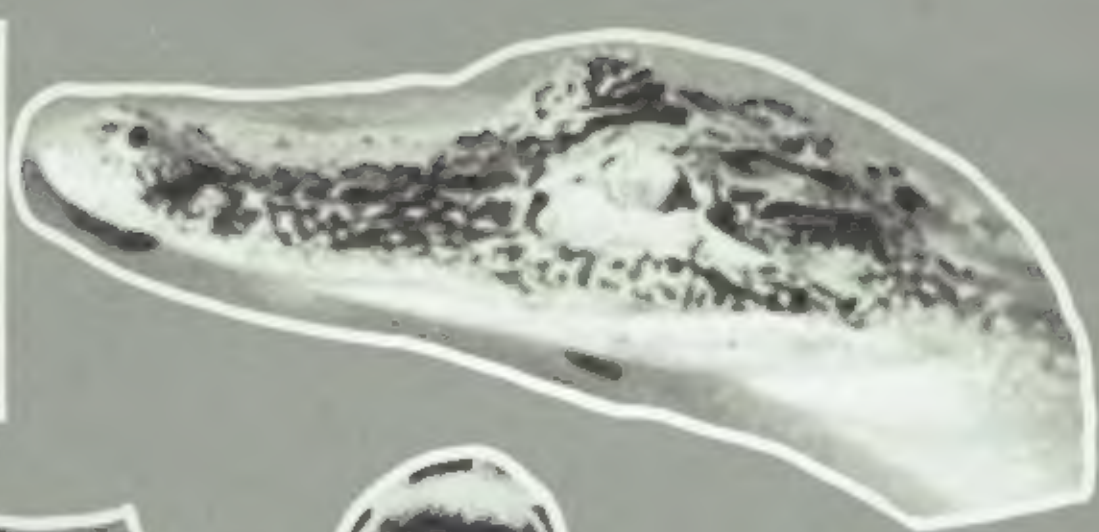


Walden



86-87







Seniors





Liza Zachary

Seniors

87



Shana Sims



ANNE M. CLARK





Rocky Mountain

Beautiful for Messiaen, or the
Meditation

Peter Smith

It's all the same in the
names will change every day,
the same as we're waiting

on the





Shawn Fry

Looks can be deceiving, but
actions can be fatal
Unknown

Roger Nelson

"Woke up this morning with a
wine glass in my hand. Who's
wine, what wine, where the
hell did I dine?"

Peter Frampton

"Am I evil? Yes I am."

Metallica

"You're the master of your
own destiny."

Triumph



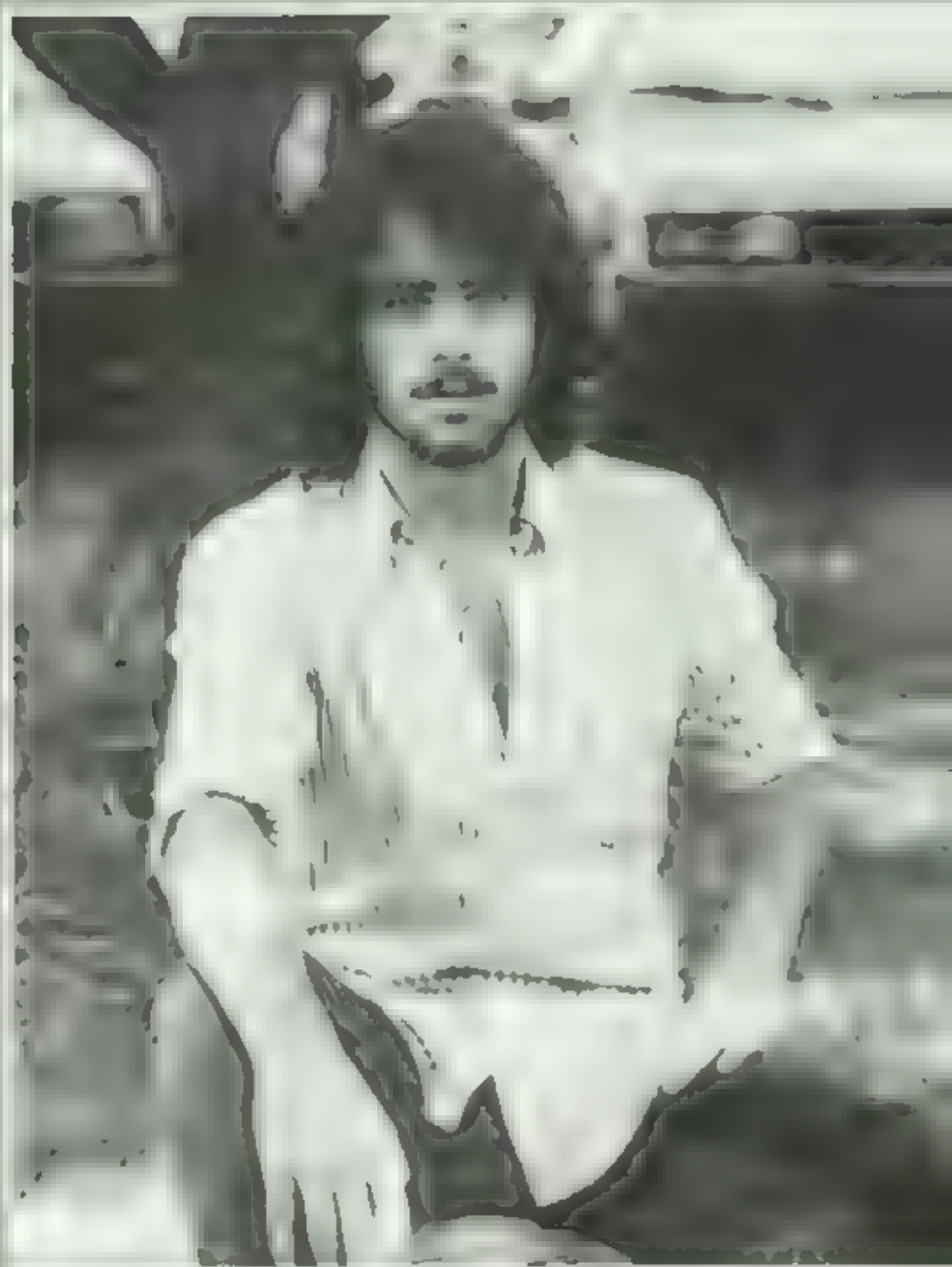


Asley Lockheart

"What do you say? Will the human race be run in a day Or will someone save this planet we're playing on."

Rob Troy

"Running over the same old ground, have you found the same old fears
old fears, wish you were here "
Pink Floyd





Brian Gervais





Terri Barron





Mark Doran

Julie Hanna

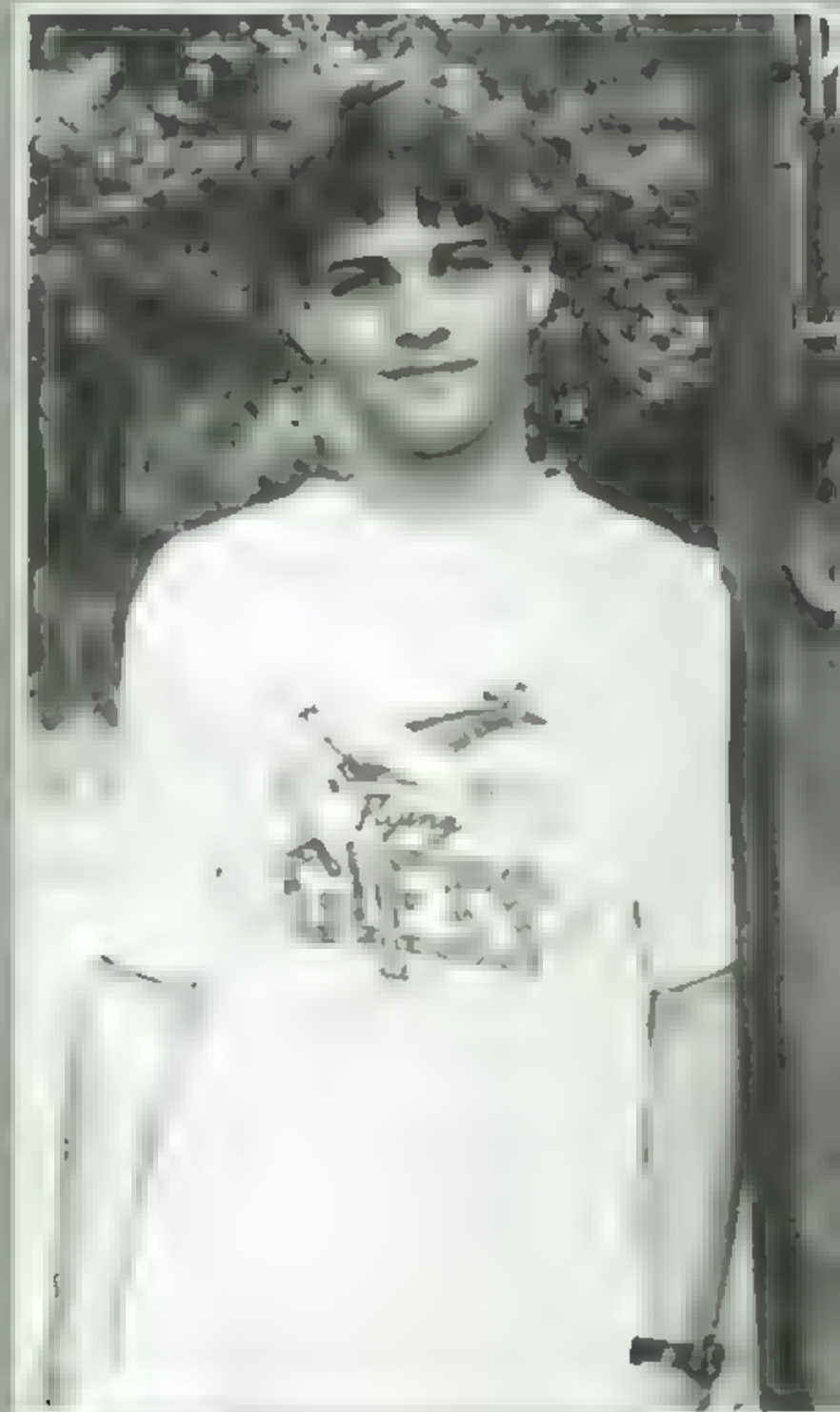
"So many people have come and gone. The faces fade as the years go by, yet I still recall as I walked alone, as clear as the sun in a summer sky."

Boston





Michelle Stepp



Dirk Carter



Lisa Wright

Kim Puskarich

"Long you live, high you fly
Smiles you give and tears you cry,
all you touch and all you see,
is all your life will ever be."
Pink Floyd





Lisa Tarasar



Kevin Fisher



Heather Carlton



Leo Faubion

CLASS FAVORITES



Cutest Smile



Keith Fletcher



Kim Puskarich

Most Likely to Succeed



Tadlock Dwan and Terr





Friendliest

Lisa Tarasat

Mark Doran



Prettiest Eyes



Rob Troy



Amy Hicks



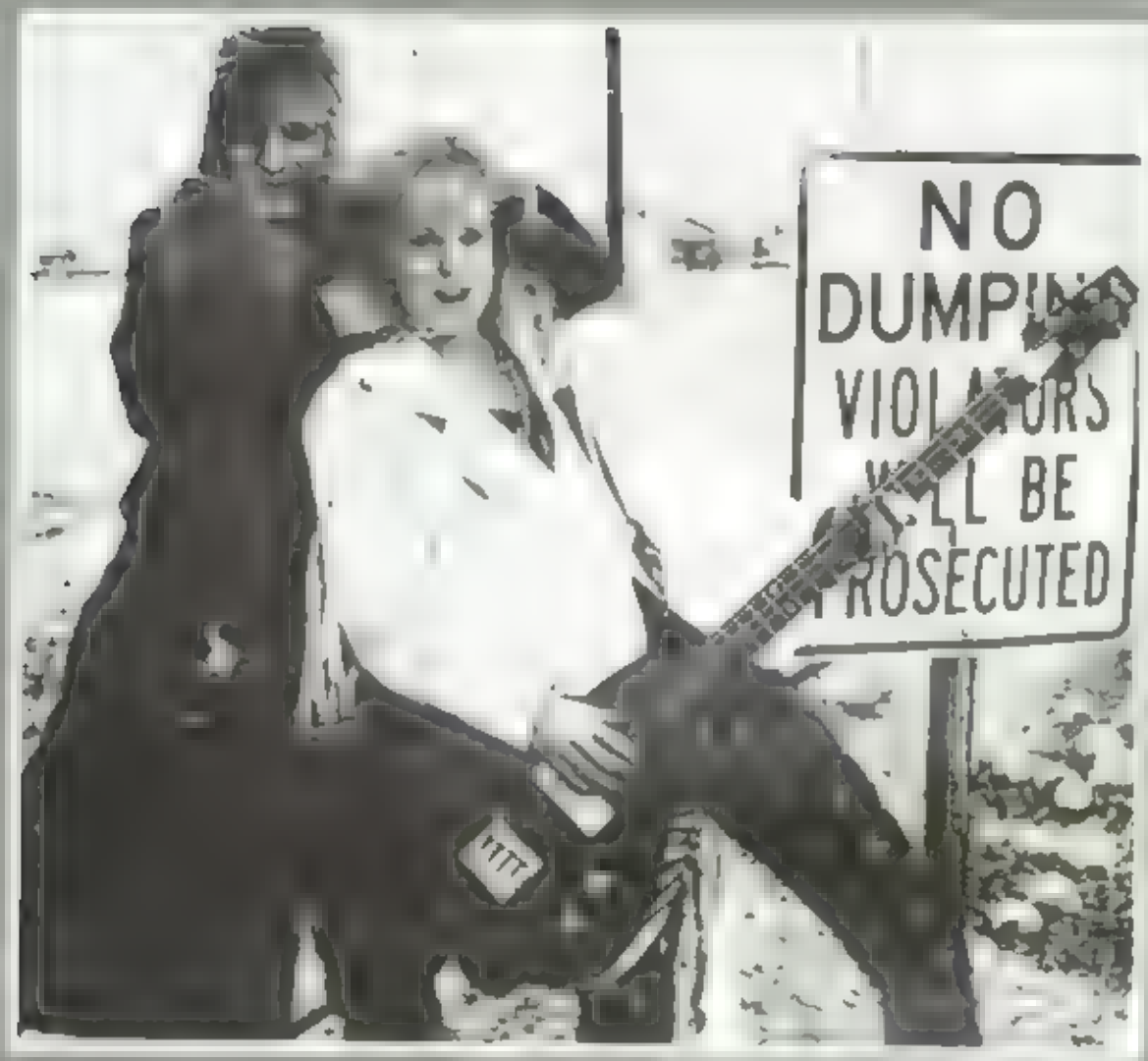
Best Looking



Michelle Stepp



Roger Nelson



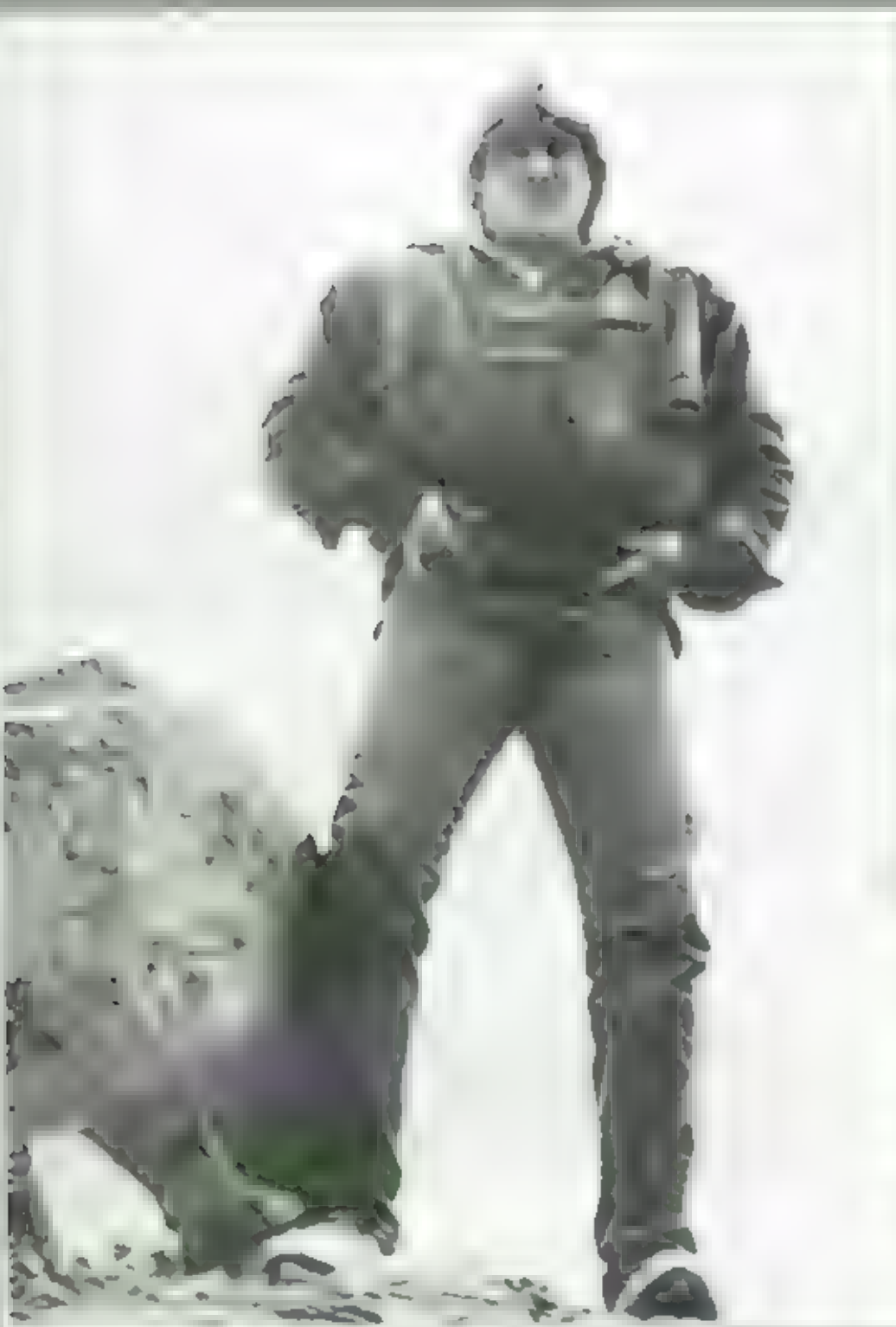
Most Metal Attire



Brian Dunn



Heather Carlton



Isiah Brown

Class Clowns



Both Drab 6673



Tiffany Bruton

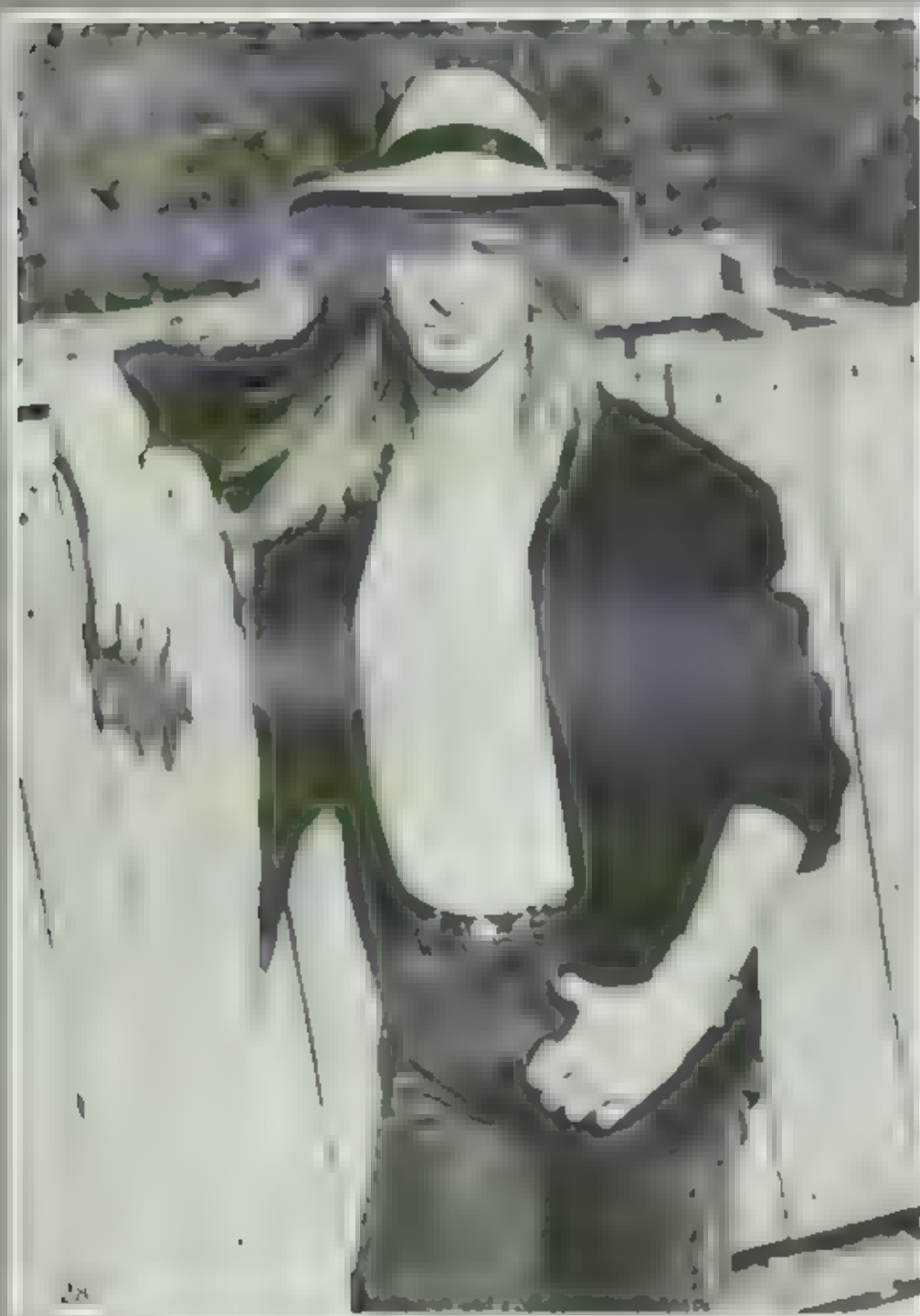


Chuck Kennedy



Best Dressed

Kelly LuBow
and
Brian Dunn





Amy Hicks

Most Bizarre

Ransom McLean

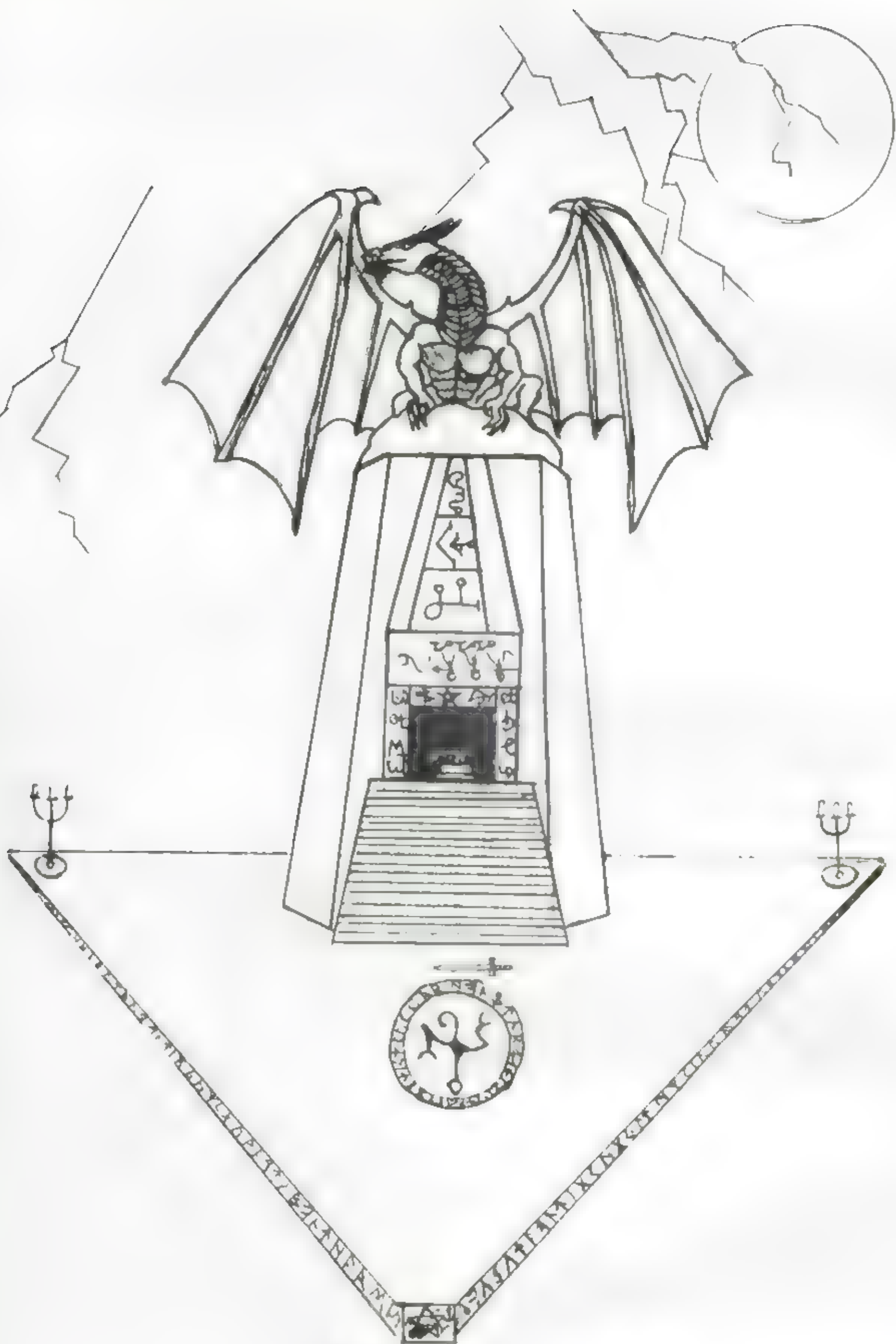




Prettiest Hair

Rachel Nelson
and
Christine Wright





Underclassmen



1st year W. A.





Brent Ankeny



Lynn Brink



Jayon Branch

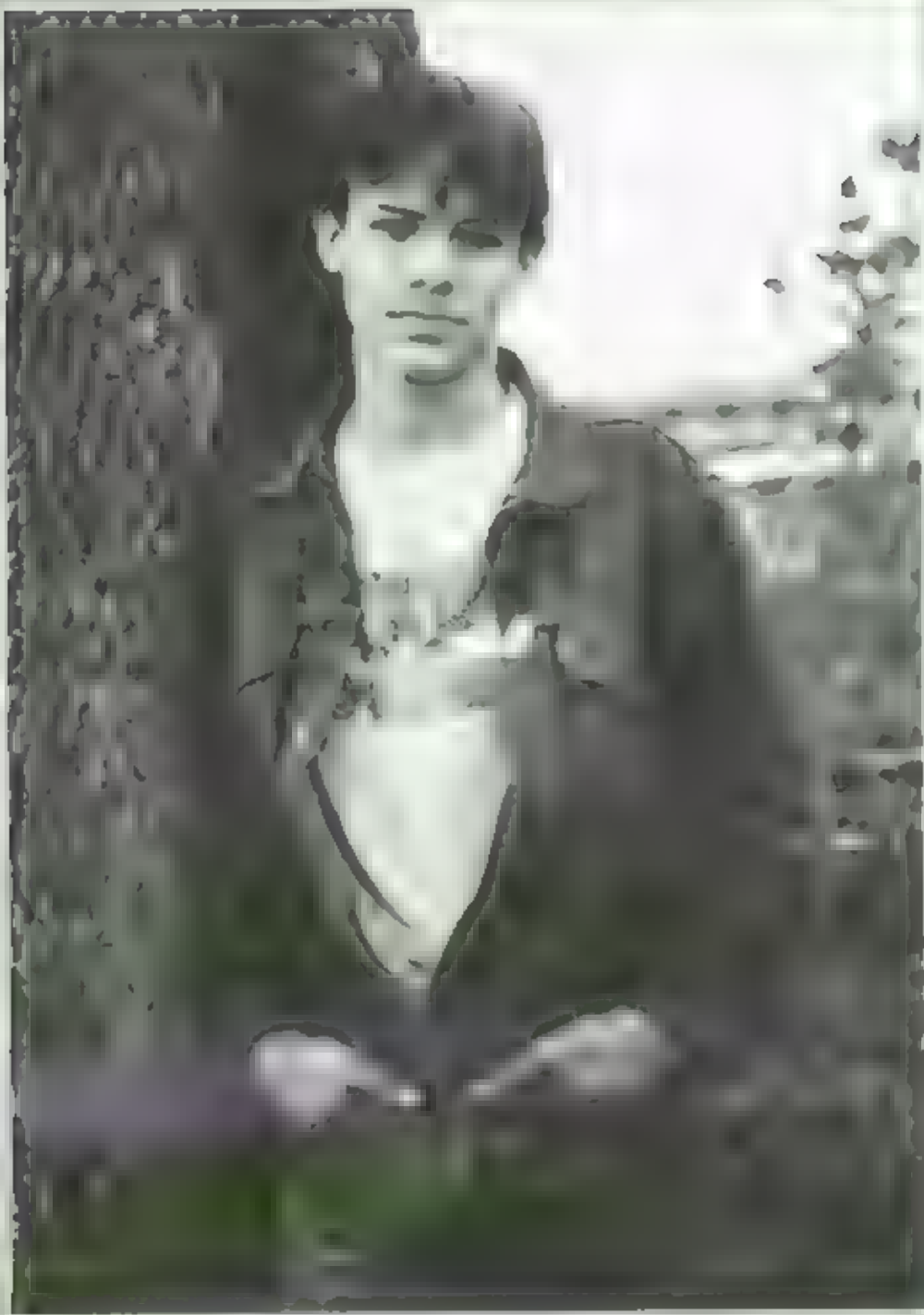




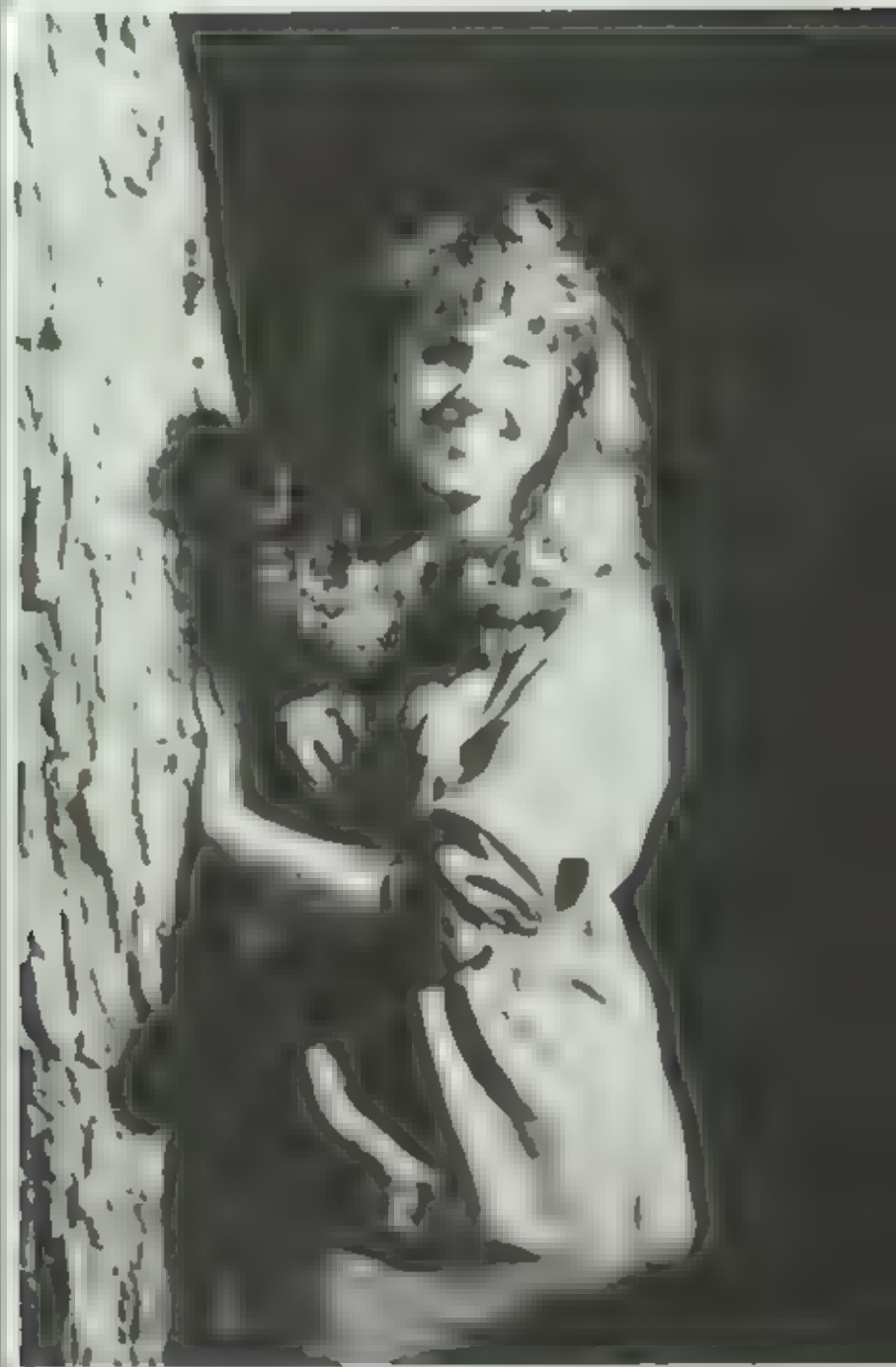
Matt Daniels



Ransom McLean



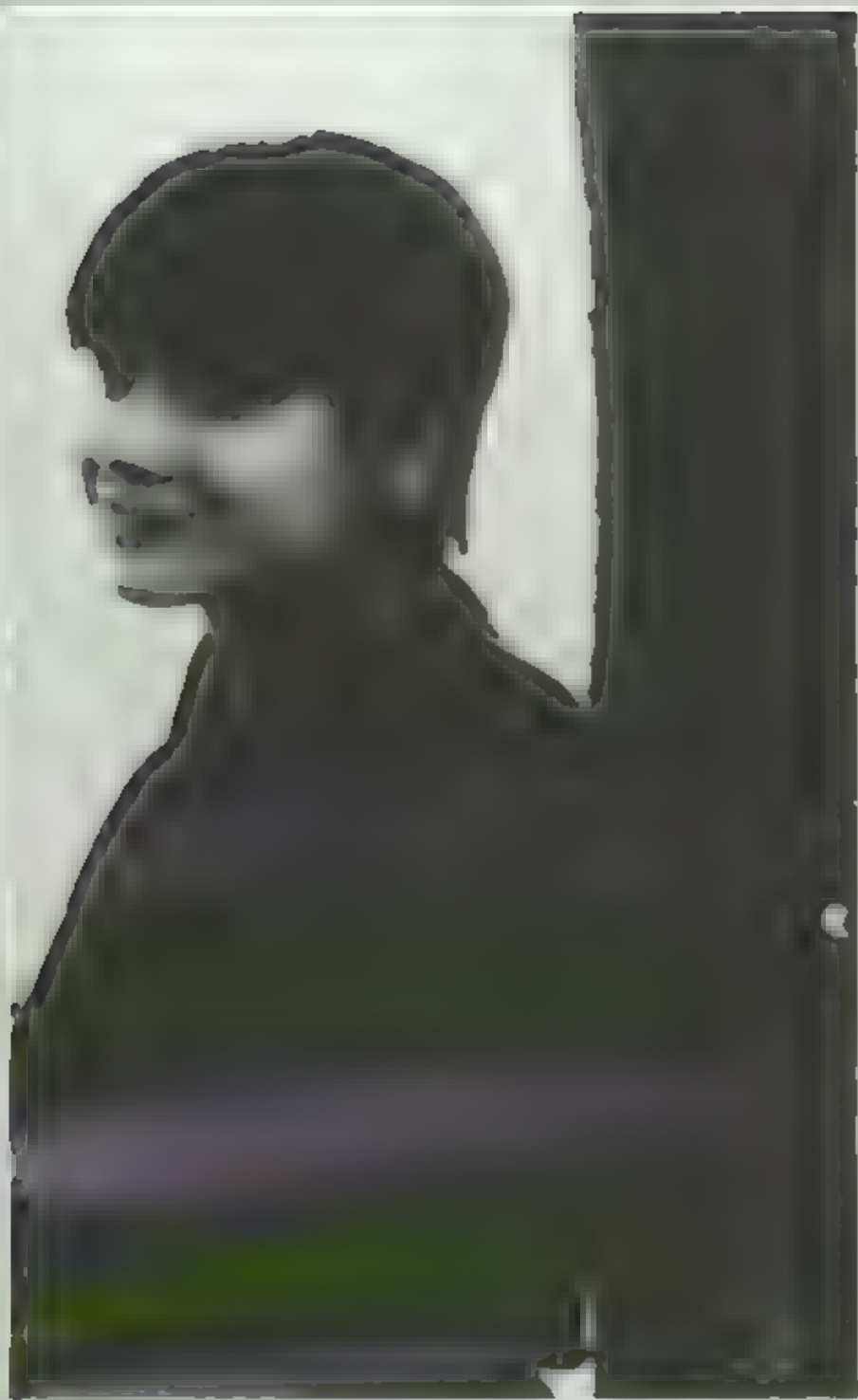
Chris Gaobert





Allison Good





Amy Hicks



Erin Ryan



Max M. Ward



Brian Hodges



Vernon Husky



Andy Howell



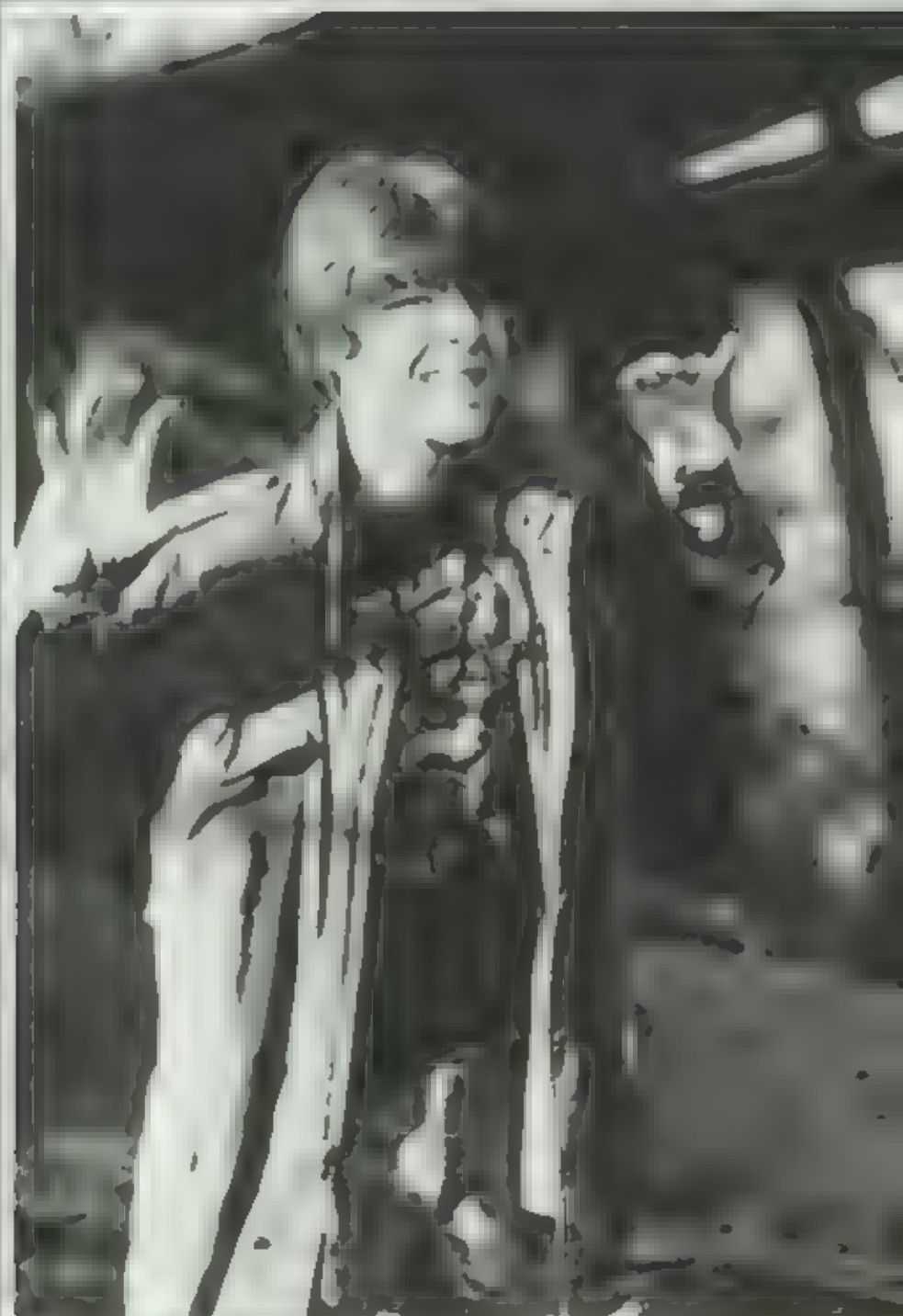
Alan Konecny

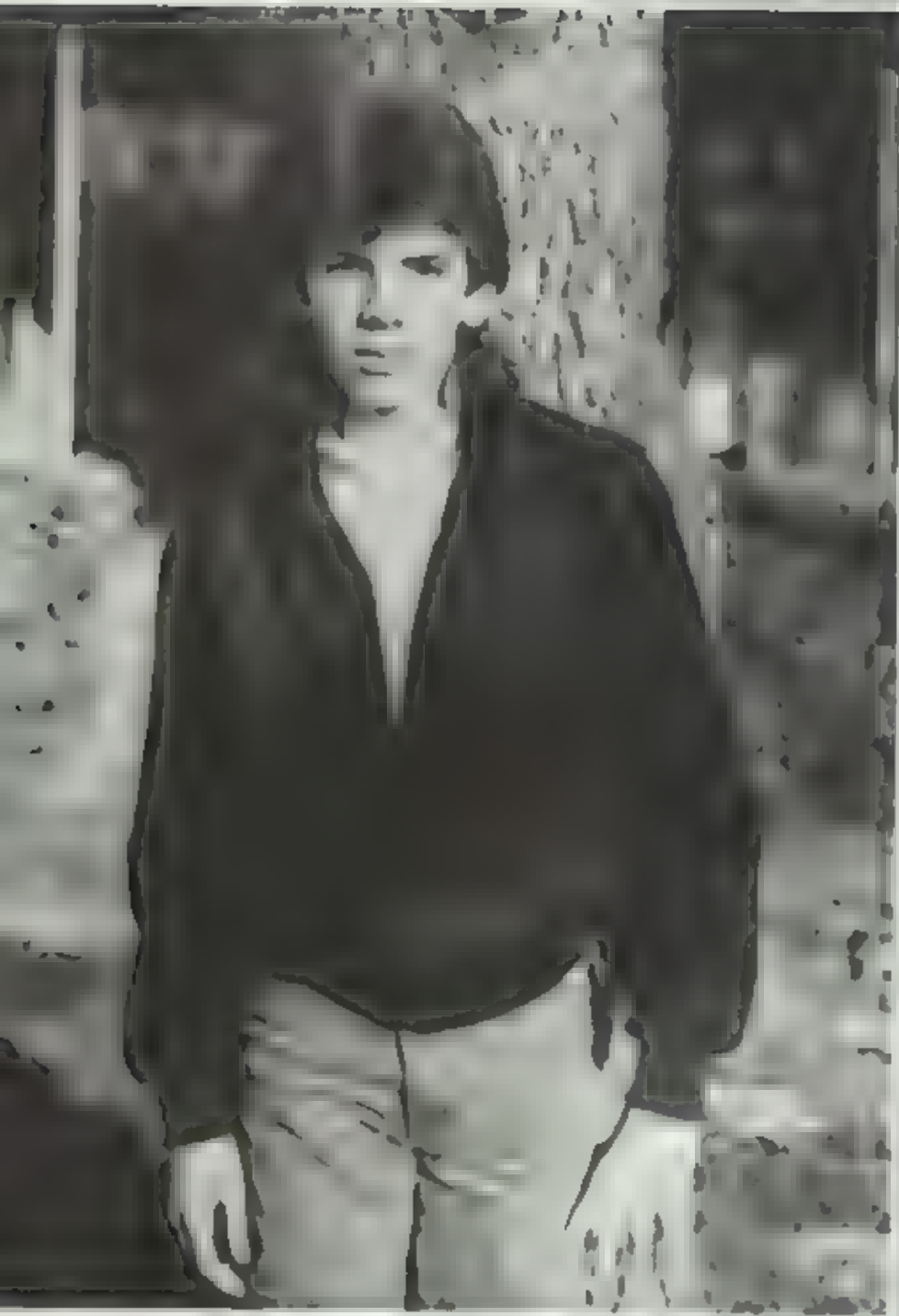


Stephanie Kerr



Kelly Luffow





Lina McClintock





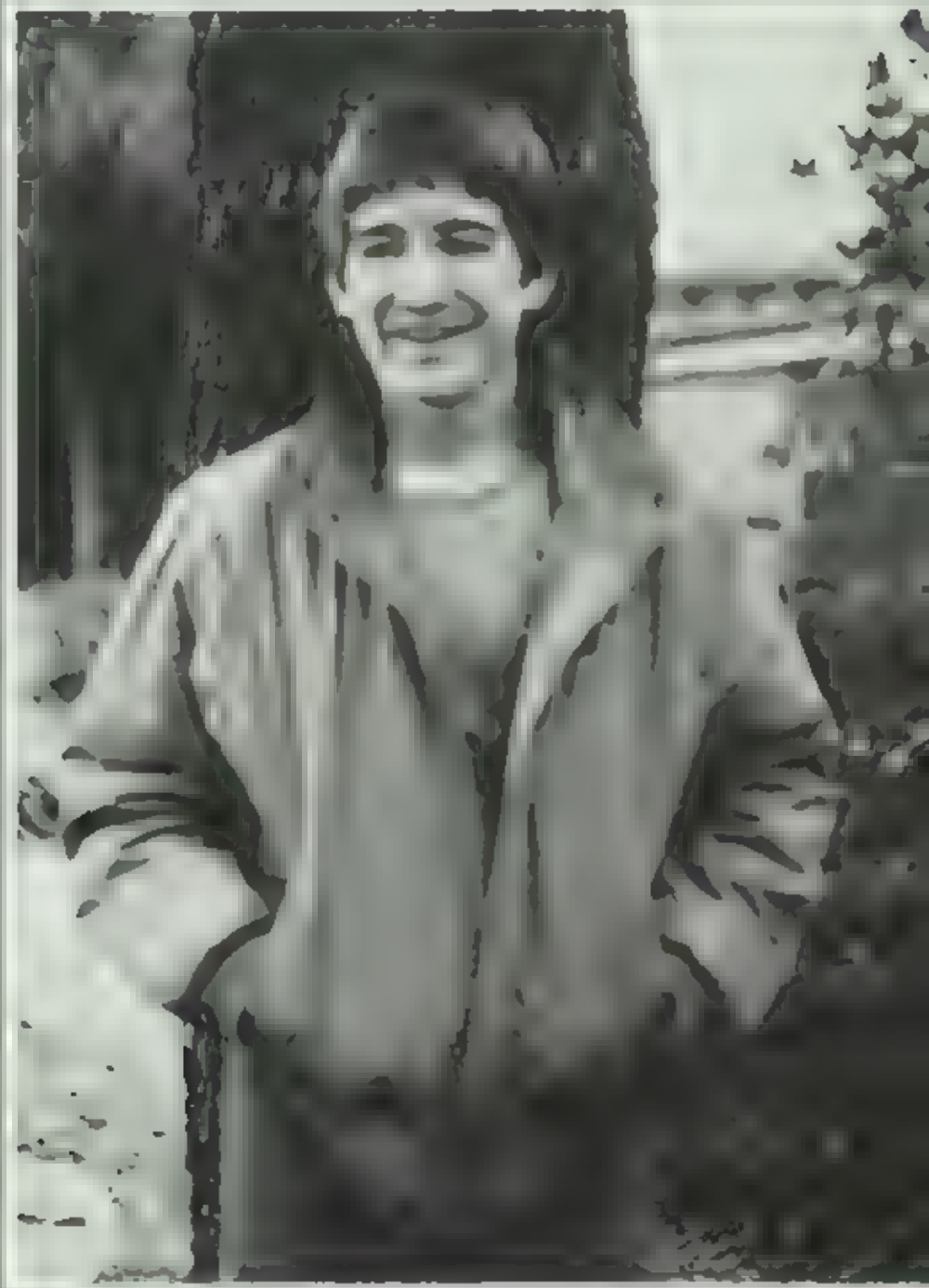
Elizabeth

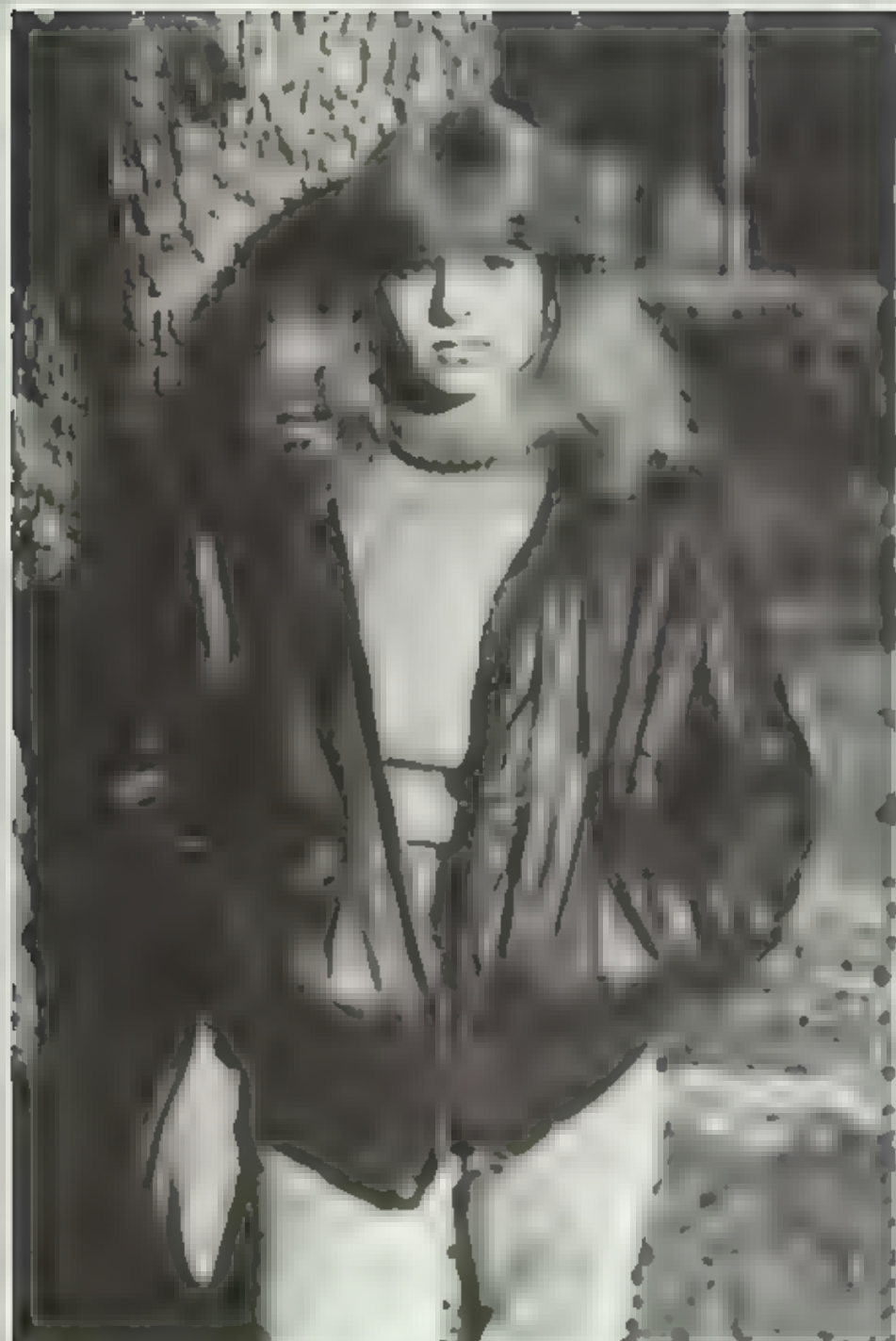






Nancy L. Green





Chris Scarborough

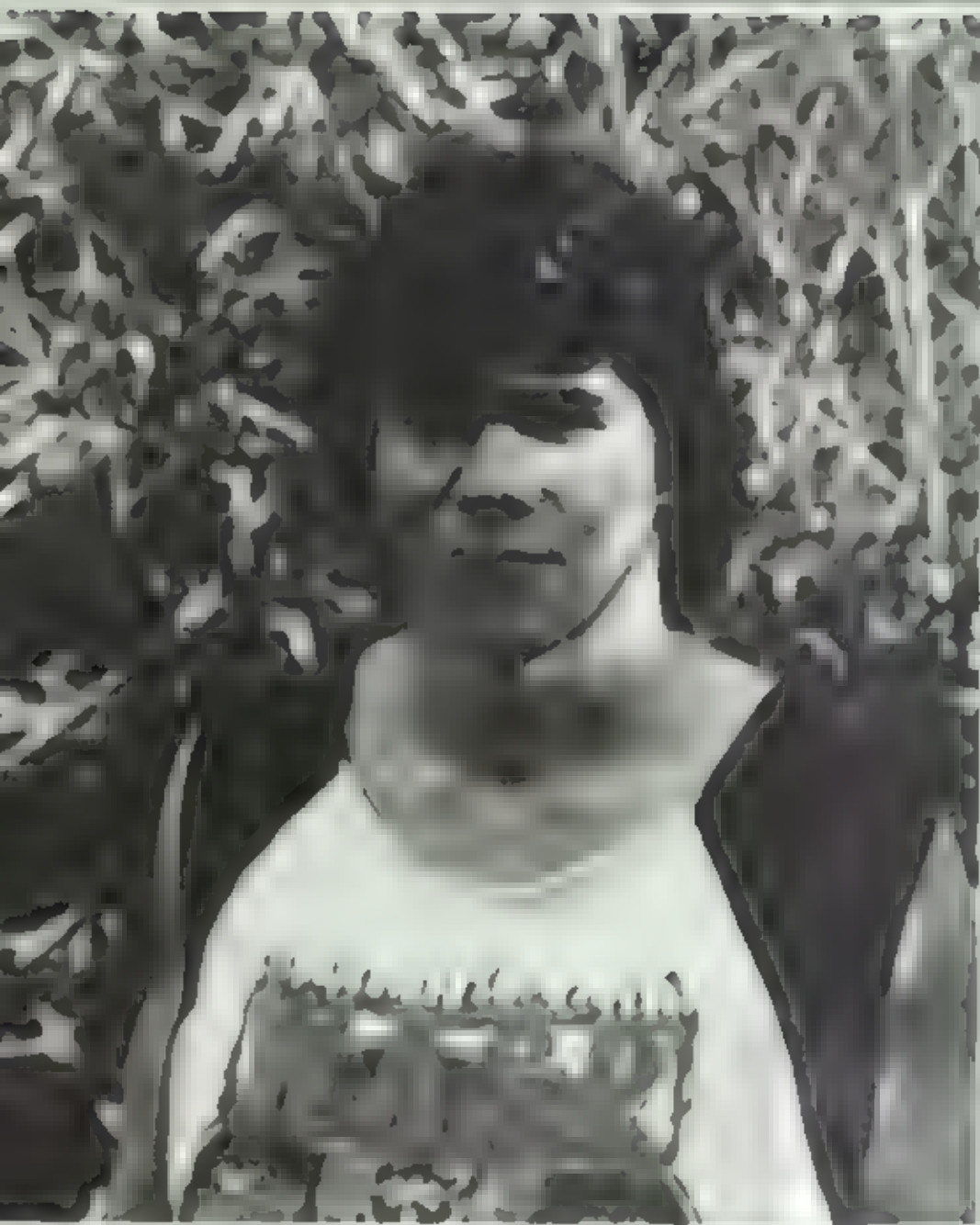




Z. 1. 1911 46



Príloha Drah vzal



TAYLOR KAY



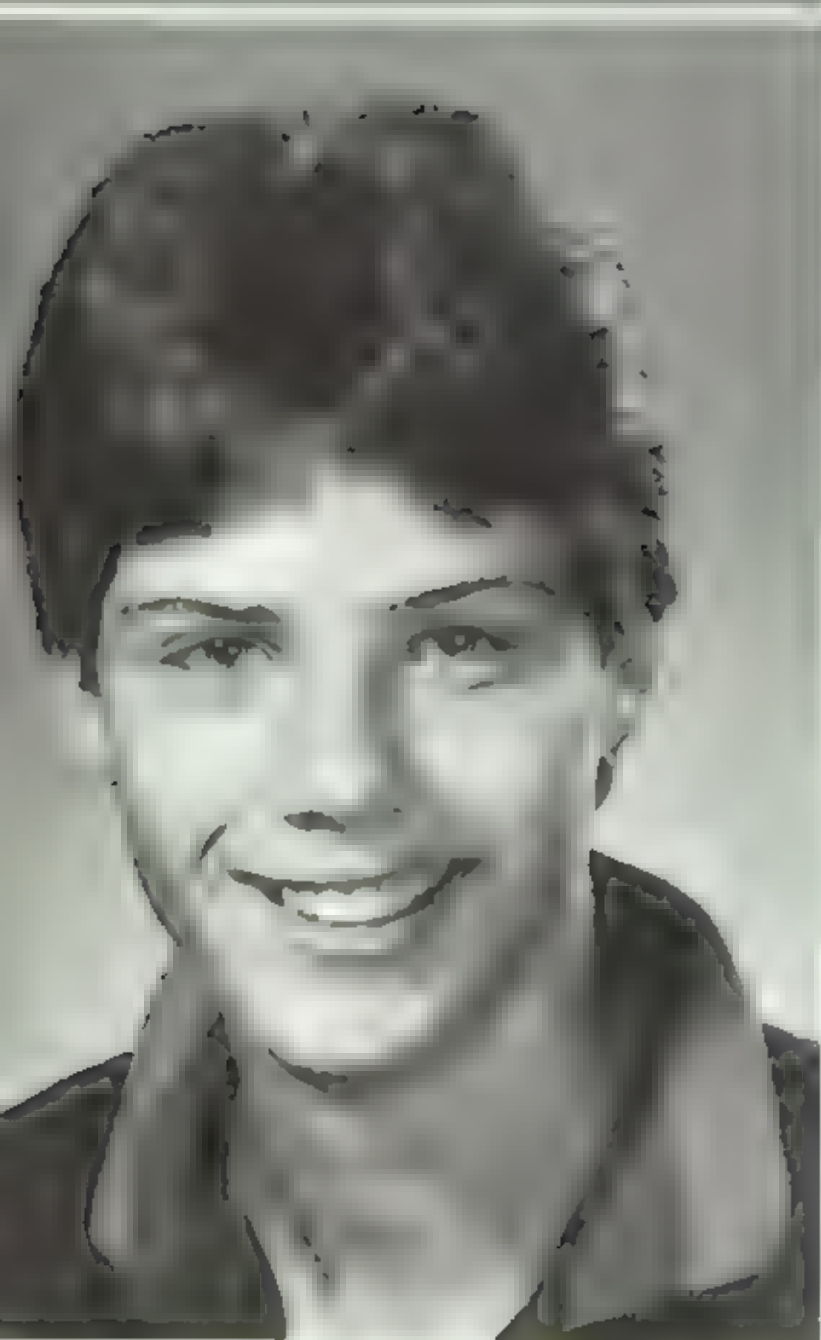
STEVE HUGGINS



Lisa Wicki



David Potter



Ross Craig

Some Seniors
We
Almost Forgot



Brian Dunn

Some are born to move the world

But others just dream ab
the things they'd like to be."

Rush

"These are your golden years
Wasted time is wasted years
Go for it all, and have
no fears."



John Yates

"Please listen, you all, of the story I tell, of the rebirth of
a King, not 68 Camaro

... to their HROCS to turn back the clocks, but what
really can compare with my Chevy Big Block?

With my four fifty six rear, and the putt of my headers

This is only a sound made in heaven

When you put it in first and take it on the gas, the feeling I
have "

... as a we can go, I can see by the stores

What once ruled the streets, now no one could care

Although they still wonder and look at "What's that?"

I still know in my heart their car is no match

... as praise the heavens for granting my wish to
return to the highways with my four fifty four to the floor!"

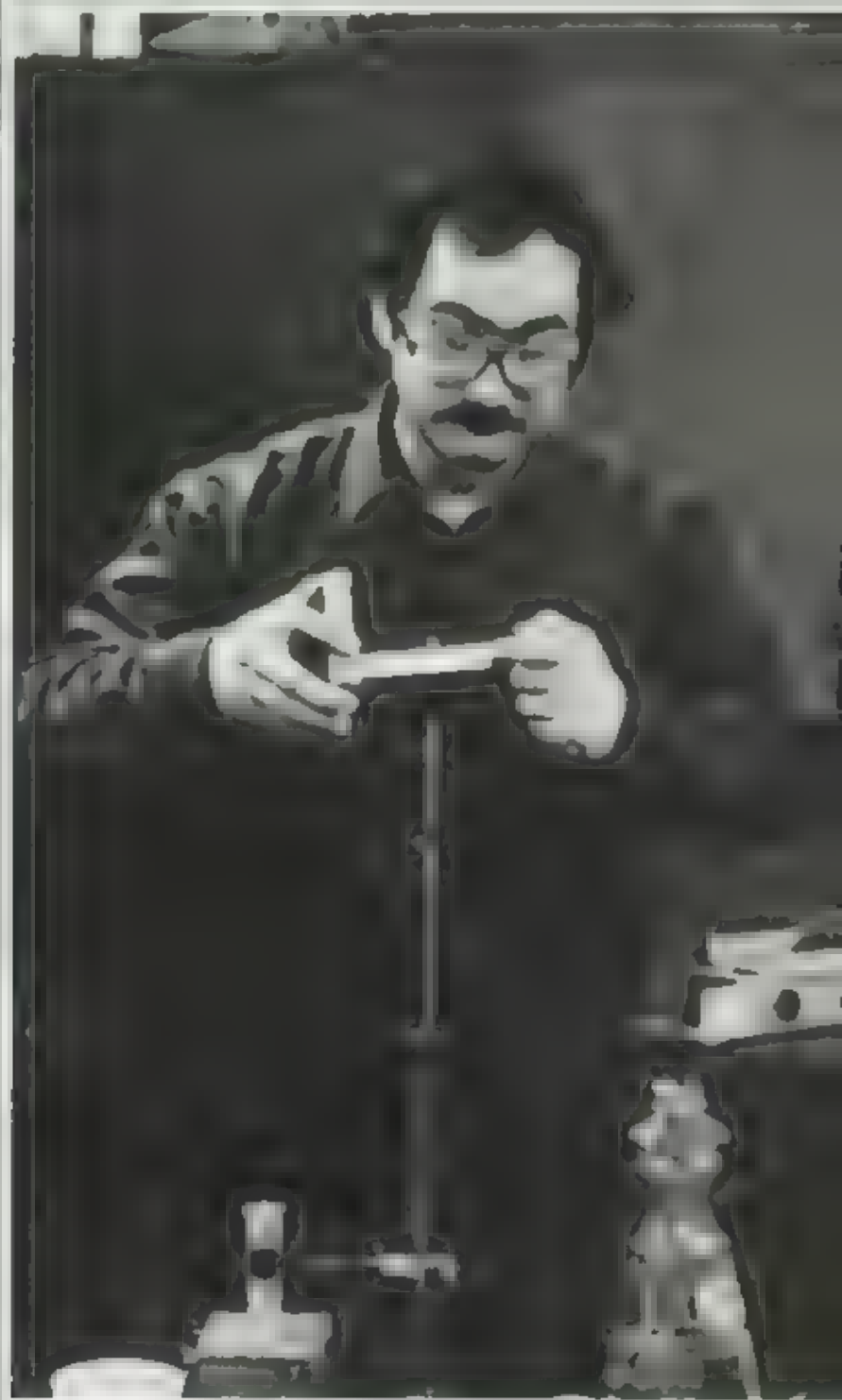
The following were not available for pictures

Cathy Adair
Richard Smith
Michelle Stanford



Wonder
Woman?

Walden's mad
scientist!



Walden



Faculty

Director



Pamala Stone



Flo Wagner

English
Photography

Brad Munk

Art

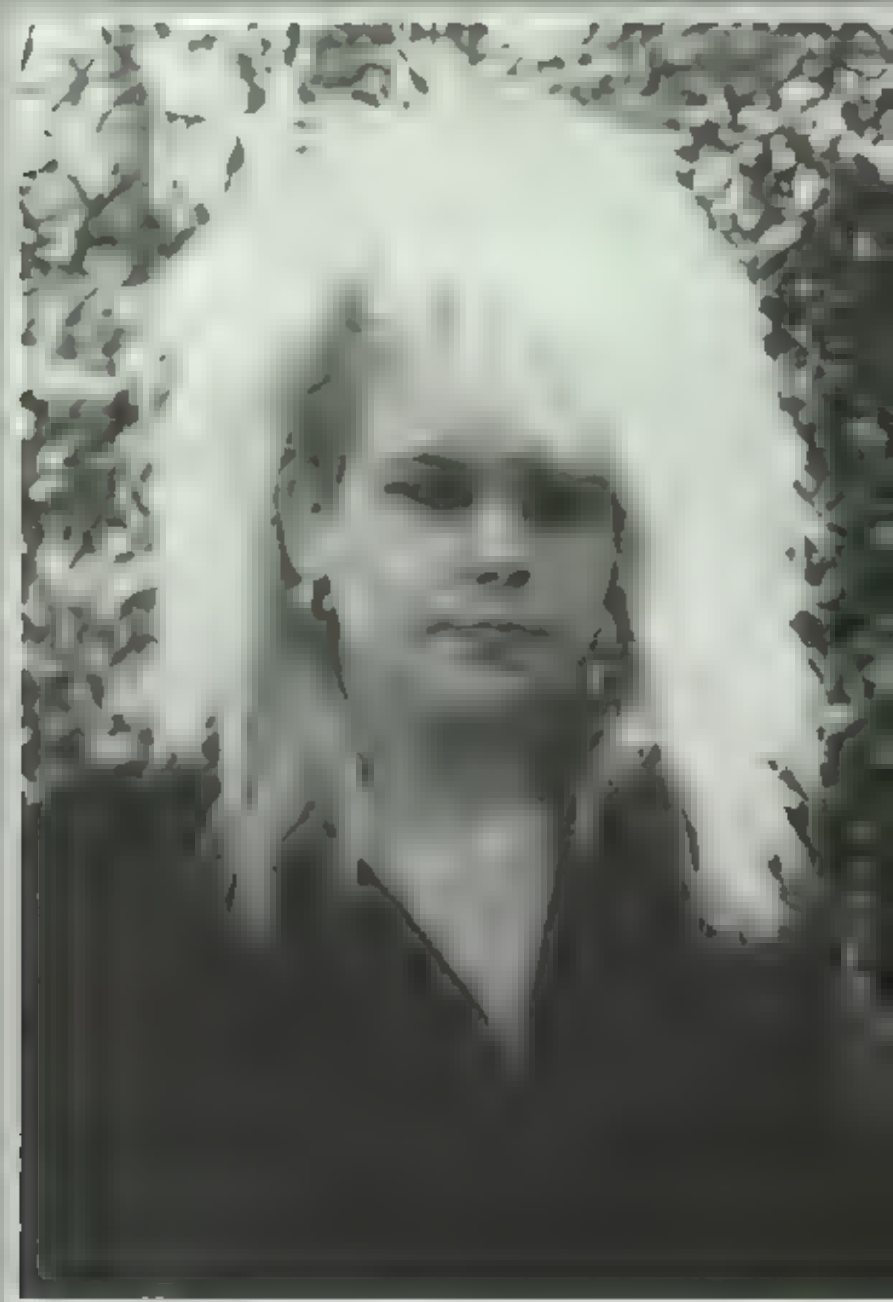


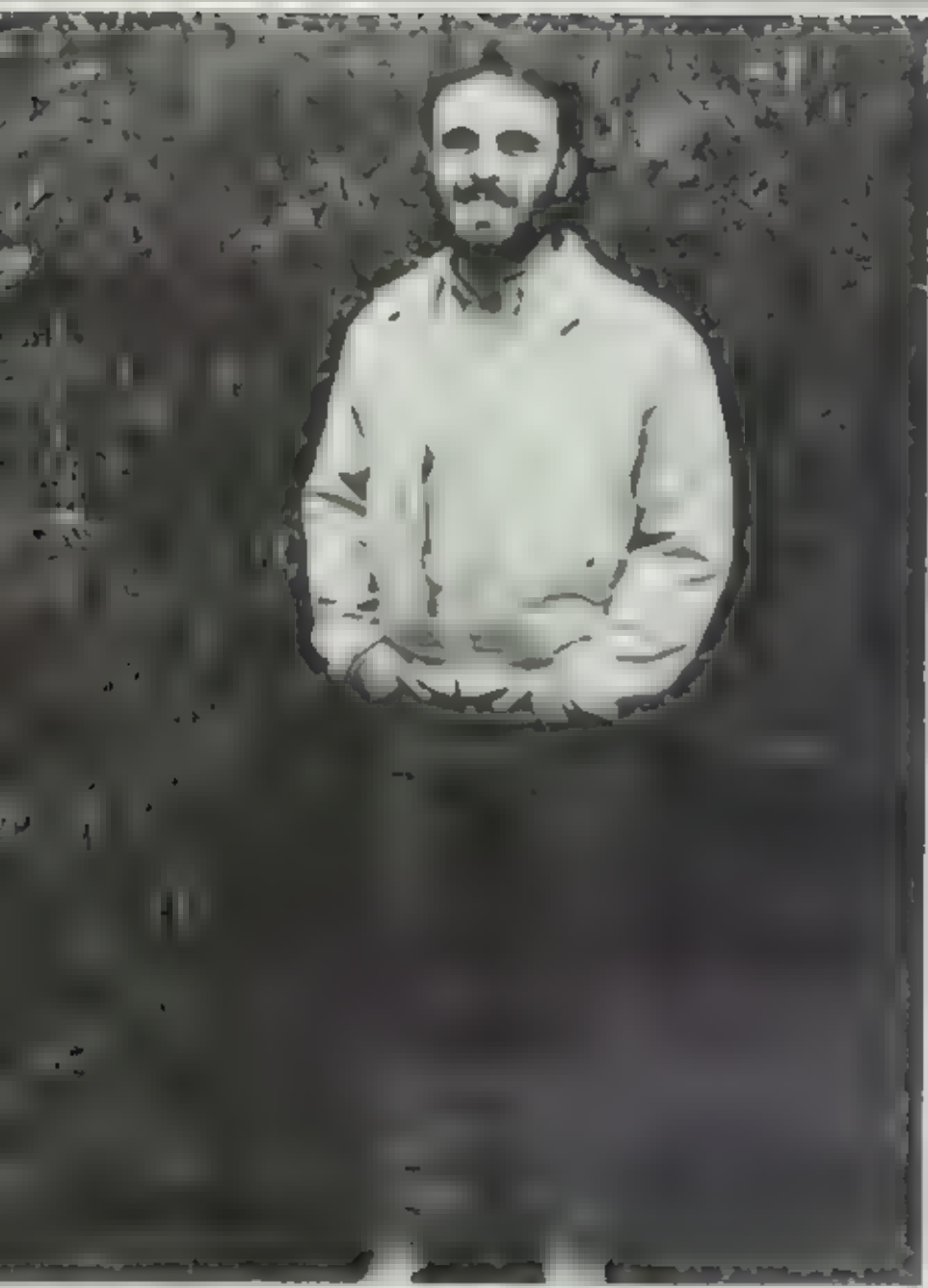


Steve Jacobs

History

Irish Borten





Kelly Walker

Math

Pamela Francis

English
Creative Writing



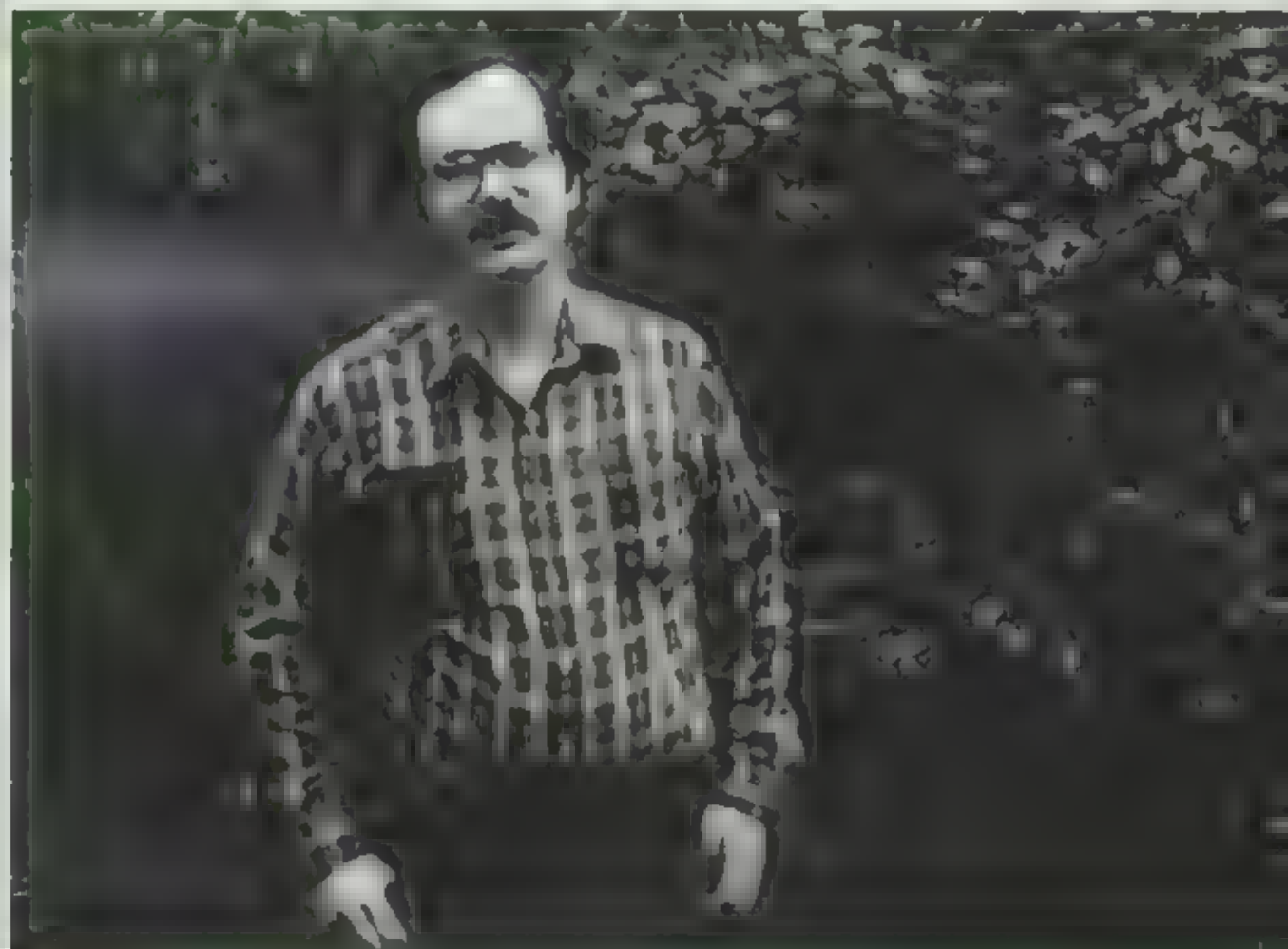


Becky Thomson

English

Bruce Bradshaw

Science





Michael Flanagan

Drafting

Stephan Houpt

Math
Physics





Earsley Matlock
our
Groundskeeper

Life At Walden



I don't wanna see what I'm eating, I don't wanna taste what you're eating, and I don't wanna hear your' @#!



12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 1043 1044 1045

[illegible]



W. 1941



M. 1941



Who



Caught At the Last Minute



P. W. 1



Charlyn Hanna



Herb Jensen
Layout Artist for yearbook

YEARBOOK



STAFF



Brian Dunn

Photographer Printer

Beth Drahovzal
Photographer Printer



Poets Corner



Pamela's Creative Writing Class



BLUE MOOD

Locked in a freezer
Mad at the world
I sat cussing and cursing
My lips turn blue as
Well as my whole face.
Being chilled doesn't help my mood.
Since cold is all you see,
Never mind my thoughts,
To you,
It's get what you see.
Being bitchy is a part of me.
Please take it all in stride
Get to know the ideas
The ones I feel the need to hide.

Never mind--
You can't open the door to let
Me out. . .
'Cause it's locked from
The inside.

---Susan Potter

NOT ENOUGH OF

Struggling children
Each has a needing heart
For life has handed them
Not enough of. . .
Except a difficult part
Innocence gazing right at you
With their earth kissed faces
A lack of shelter and rest
So different from our slumber
In comforting places.
When you search deeply
Into their eyes,
Glowing souls of aching,
It's not enough
To fold them away
To protect your heart from breaking.

We can feel for their pasts
Reaffirming prosperity
Give--and attempt to
Prevent haunting fears--
Yet--is there enough of
In this world of ours
To make up
For the pureness of their undeserved
Tears.

---Stephanie Kerr

A BAMBOO SUITE:

Secrets

Whispering of untold secrets--
a thousand bamboo shoots in the wind.

Defenders

The army of tall slender wood elves,
divided by the ranks of squat trolls,
led by the great ugly ogre.

Breakers

The million tiny water droplets
in a wave swaying in harmony--
the thousand bamboo shoots in the wind.

---Marshall Umstadt

Time falls down
but not quite like
the mist on the inside
right corner of the
window pane that rolls into
the dust on the sill.

Emptiness is cold
but not quite as
cold as the wind
that you feel on your
cheeks as you walk
out of the door
away from the fire
into the darkness
without looking back.

---Stephanie Kerr

The fog hung
like a veil of gauze
in which
the moon
was trapped
like a fly in a spider's web.

---Stephanie Kerr

She's grown fat.

Not the obesity
of mothers with grade school children.
Not the plumpness
of too much rich food
and a life of luxury.
She still styles her hair,
she still wears the clothes
she saw in Vogue--
she hasn't succumbed
to polyester
and too much make-up.

It is the fat
of deprivation.
It is the fat of dreams
grown too lean.
It is compensation
for the slim unused passport,
it is a paying-back
of those thin days
that were fed on images
of faraway places
and a dark mysterious lover.

She has a real life now,
and has no need
for fasting.
The dreams are dead,
and she picks the meat
off their bones.
She sucks their marrow,
and grows fat
on the memory.

---Pamela Francis

Winter's cold, sharp
edge comes
and goes

Mothers and their
babies anxiously
await the Spring

Though it is an
exciting spectacle
to observe blossoming
flowers

Somehow I feel sad
to see Winter go--

---Ashley Lockhart

IMPRESSION OF DEPRESSION OPPRESSION

Hunger, Hunger everywhere
Faintly cries fill the air
People dying in the street
People having nothing to eat.

Waiting in food lines, waiting in rows
Everyone's hungry, everyone goes
All of the children, women, and men
Wonder if this will happen again.

---Chris Gabbert

WEST END POEM

people sit in late winter sun
eating innovative ice cream,
listening to train whistles
from beyond the tank cars,
music from the marketplace,
humming freeway in blue sky
through Dallas Alley.
they look at steel and glass
rising up beyond
polished red brick,
at Reunion Tower like a ball
atop the Old Spaghetti Warehouse.
they want to walk on old boards,
to sit along the sidewalk
with BMW blondes,
to blend into bricks
and antique street lamps
and new wave neon.

---Stephen Houpt

LIFE SONG

As I look at life I hear a song.
Not a song of sorrow anymore.
Eat my bread, drink my wine;
I shall never be hungry again.

We live day to day,
Never thinking of the past.
Sure, we wonder where we're going:
It refuses to show itself.

---Dirk Carter

POOR CHILDREN

On a cold winter night in January,
the first was brought,
even though there was not enough food to feed.
Then the second, the third, the fourth, and
the last.
Still no food, seven years later.
Bring hope.
Oh God,
bring hope.
It makes you wonder. Why?
The answer is unknown to mortals.
Why must it happen?
That poor child must suffer
for me.
Amen.

---Dirk Carter

On a warm winter's day
The sun was shining down
Warming the world and
Bringing smiles to sullen faces.

On a cold summer's day
The clouds blew in,
Casting a spell on all and
Closing open minds.

Spring and fall both
Bring the rain.
Hypnotizing winds spin
And everything stands still.

On a day lost in time
The clouds were shining
The wind and the rain were still
And the sun eclipsed the moon.

On this day
Everyone could hear the silence
Of the mind being lost--
The end of absolute reality.

---Barbara Wilson

AT THE SINGLES' BAR

Smoke arises from the
cancer sticks like thick
London fog

Sweet perfume mixes with
the stale smell of beer

Love songs shoot their
Cupid arrows in the hearts
of all the lonely people

---Ashley Lockhart

STANDING

There is a bar
Yes, Deep Ellum again,
Choked with my own cigarette smoke
No, I don't know how I got in.

But I'm standing there,
And the band is playing
Songs I didn't recognize
And the singer's sweating, saying,
If Lou Reed would just come back
It would be all right.

I think back to other nights
A small cafe, dark and hot,
We drank hot tea,
And danced a lot.

But now I'm here, and you're not,
And I'm singing in my head,
If you would just come back
It would be all right.

---Amy Hicks

A NEW BEGINNING

Thank you, Almighty God, for this blessed event.
Thank you for all this wonderful time
we have been through.
We will never forget
all the beauty you sent
And how she became a part of Them,
and a part of You.

---Ashley Lockhart

NEIGHBORS

The couple across the street
has two cars
and a dog that wags his tail
when they come home.
They have a grey cat that sits quietly,
tail wrapped around himself,
by the front door.
Their lawn is always neatly trimmed.
They take walks at sundown
and have guests on Sunday afternoons.
Through the screen door one can see
polished floors
and a clean table.
Their lives are neat and ordered,
and they turn off their lights at 11 p.m.

I live across the street.
There are fallen leaves on my sidewalk,
too many to clear them away.
I'm missing screens on a few windows
and my back door is sagging on its hinges.
I pace the floor at night and read,
sometimes till 2 a.m.
People come to stay a few days,
tracking mud across the linoleum,
then leave with a light wave.
I eat from cardboard boxes on the couch.
I never take walks;
I drive to the liquor store.

Our houses face each other
and we watch each other's home
when one leaves for the weekend.
While they're gone, I stroke the cat
and feed the dog,
and wonder at the neatness of their lives.

I wonder why I stalk these empty rooms,
late at night,
and why I fail to sweep the dust
away from the door.

---Pamela Francis

Float dreamily through the haze,
Coagulating among the cumulus skies.
Spectrums spread lazily across your face--
Float slowly away.

---Neil Fisher

PASSING TIME

Time, the way of life,
slipping through,
days just go by.
It wasn't like that before
when
I had other things
on my mind,
then love came in
and seemed to block out
all that time.
Life's getting shorter,
it's moving so fast,
can't get things done,
I save everything for last.
But last hasn't come--
I wouldn't notice if it did.

I just sit inside,
looking out through eyes,
thinking about moving,
then thinking twice.

---Susan Potter

WHITE ROCK LAKE POEM

Across the green water
and white-capped waves
under wind blown clouds
through flocks of gulls
past the fishermen
and the wooden pier
and the geese and ducks
and white billed coots
past the sailboats
and the bare white limbs
of the sycamore,
on the other shore
sun spotlights the shining
copper towers of the city.

---Stephen Houpt

CHANGE OF SEASONS

Orange, brown and green fingers
wave softly in the breeze

The present smell of rain is
sweet

A nipping chill arouses my curiosity,
as if it might snow soon.

---Ashley Lockhart

THE LOWLANDS

Past the moors and round
the rim of a valley
wet wet
dripping dark,
Heather with ashes
on her finger tips
and mud in her hair.

Go and stand at the very
very center of the opaque puddles
and it never rains,
it only drips
down the bark of trees,
off the leaves
running rivulets, oceans
between a few blades of grass

An empty white-washed room
with dripping walls
bare, cold
hollow but for a pattern of sand
brushed into piles on
the floor.

There are footpaths across the mud
that lead you to a crevice in the
meeting sandstone
that shelters
a pool of grey water
a bottomless pool of grey water
Heather at the bottom
of the grey-water pool.

---Amy Hicks

AN INTRINSIC HEART

The breeze of the wind
The extremely chilly winter sleet
For time has returned from sleep
To greet us with a freezing grin.
She would think it to be a sin
If no one noticed her silent creep,
So all of us creative souls keep
A constant watch upon her kin.
The trees and the rocks cause
A curtain which is meek and gentle.
Leisure time has now been completed
Winter shall now come to a pause.
And nature is becoming sentimental
For her goal has been succeeded.

---Allan McCracken

Not far off the ground
But still closer to the sky
Upon civilization's mound
In judgment I sit before your eyes.

Why is it that you label me
The reason must be wise
For this is what others see
Directed by your lies

Again I ask why this is
From your mouth no reasons flow
I need not hear your answer--
It's you who needs to know.

---Tina McClintock

THE RAIN

Breathe deep.
Feel the drops against your skin.
I know not, I felt so cold.

Crash of lightning, the explosion
of a thousand bombs all around.
The dark black sky seems impenetrable
Wet, sweet wetness, it tastes so sweet
It falls as if a single sheet.

---Dirk Carter

THE TREASURE SEARCH HAS COME FULL CIRCLE

A magnificent structure is seen overlooking water.
The reflection is definite and precise.
This grandeur was constructed by my father
And shall remain a fortress to suffice.
Many stories and memories have been produced,
Along with many fun-filled years,
And hopefully my family shall induce
Many joyous everlasting tears.
So now I become an heir
To a crown that has receded.
I anticipate that I shall take care
Of a dwelling which has been superseded.
The last of my days I shall enjoy
In the home I knew so well as a boy.

---Allan McCracken

ALONE

To be alone, I don't understand
But to a lonely heart commands
The power to rely on one's self
For any upbuildment.
Being alone is hard
But relying on the mind
For any sanity seems useless
But satisfies the heart's feeble
plea.

---Zack Reynolds

DEEP ELLUM POEM

Rock music rumbles from the
bowels of an industrial garage
past the bold strokes
of new geometries
through crumbling bricks
and faded and rewritten signs
to juke joints and black men
and Blues.

---Stephen Houpt

Someday, some Sunday.
I'll go.
Not when the grass is green,
or when the sun is high,
But when the earth is cold and dead,
And so the thoughts inside my head,
resolve themselves, and die.

SECOND THOUGHT

One day, one Monday.
I'll come back.
Not in dead of winter, or under curtain
of clouds,
But when the air is warm
and soft.
And sunlight holds my soul aloft,
And despair sits on its haunches, cowed.

I never thought
how other people
thought-- now I
cannot stop.

---Susan Potter

---Amy Hicks

Signatures

1) Mark

Lisa Jarasak

Brian
Holland

an
chicken

marshall mustard

David
Dane Davis

likmi
Brewster

Roger Nelson

paid
street

Steve
Hargrave

Ransom M = Leon

Julian

Brian
Nell

Jim
Wood

Joan
ppol

CHUCK
KENNEDY

Mike
William

TADLCK

Heidi
Jensen

Krisonda
Vandaveon

